

Epic Failure

by The Storyologist

Category: How to Train Your Dragon

Genre: Hurt-Comfort, Romance

Language: English

Characters: Astrid, Hiccup

Status: Completed

Published: 2011-12-18 20:27:18

Updated: 2011-12-18 20:27:18

Packaged: 2016-04-26 13:08:35

Rating: K

Chapters: 1

Words: 2,087

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Sooner or later, Hiccup was going to find out about those exploding eggs.

Epic Failure

_Author's Note: Season's Greetings everyone! :) Here is my Christmas, er, rather "Snoggletog" present for you all. A bit fluffier than my normal writing, but I figure that since it's the holidays, there's nothing wrong with a little fluff. _Gift of the Night Fury_ has simply stolen my heart away; it is a must see for all HTTYD fans, and if you're having trouble getting into the holiday spirit, I strongly suggest this beautiful 30 minute short. Over the holidays I will be taking a break from all fanfiction, and to all my _Tangled_ readers, fear not; "King?" has not been abandoned, and I will update it when I returnâ€| and when I come down from my HTTYD high. So enjoy this story over a cup of eggnog and Christmas cookies, and don't forget to spend time with the ones you love in the coming weeks. God bless you all and I pray that you celebrate the birth of His Son not just this Christmas, but every day. â€"Story _

Epic Failure

"â€|You _what_?"

Hiccup's hazel eyes were wider than a dragon's mouth as it was about to breath fire, his jaw hanging slightly ajar. She hadn't been sure how he would react to the story; she'd anticipated amusement, a little mirth, some embarrassing harassment at her hapless mistake. But this was pure shock.

Astrid squirmed in chair, folding her arms across her stomach and hunching over to rest her elbows on her knees. It was always the position she sat in when she was embarrassed, and Hiccup knew it. She _really_ didn't want to go over this again.

"We put one of the Meatlug's eggs inside of everyone's houses, and theyâ€¦ blew up."

They were sitting in a far corner of the mead hall, in two chairs pleasantly aloof from the rest of the celebration. From here, they had a perfect view of the spot where Stormfly rested and Toothless played merrily on the floor with the babies. Hiccup had one relaxed arm resting over the back of Astrid's chair, and had been watching his dragon's game with sparkling eyes. He was still wearing his mother's helmet, his hair still slightly damp underneath. He'd been unwilling to take it off, and who could blame him? The beloved hand-me-down was thought to have been lost forever, along with the friend who'd returned it. Knowing Hiccup, he would probably never want to part with the helmet again.

After listening intently to a long, detailed description of the Dragon nesting groundsâ€”and he portrayed it so beautifully that the Viking girl wished she'd been there to see it herselfâ€”Astrid had decided to fill her sweetheart in on the things he'd missed during the day, including the account of five teenagers who, at her lead, had decided to gift all of Berk with presents of explosive Gronkle eggs. She hadn't been too keen on telling him of her epic failure, _especially_ after he'd come home with the dragons. Hiccup had done so much tonight. While all of Astrid's efforts had done nothing but ruin Snoggletog, Hiccup's efforts had saved it, and she couldn't feel anymore ashamed of herself. Nonetheless, she'd resolved in her mind that _she_ would be the one to tell him what happened; he would hear about it from _her_, not from the loose gossip that plagued the village whenever disaster struck. Sooner or later, he was going to find out, and she wasn't about to let the story go misrepresented.

So, she'd swallowed her pride, and prepared for the worst. But she hadn't been prepared for _this_.

He did nothing; he _said_ nothing, just stared at her, wide-eyed and awestruck, his mouth gaping wide open. She stared back, uncomfortable. With a furrowing brow, she decided to break the unbearable silence.

"Please say something."

Suddenly, there was twinkle in his eye, and a snort escaped from his throat. Then all at once, the unlikeliness of the story caught up with him, and the Viking boy was convulsing in his chair, laughing uncontrollably.

Astrid scowled, though she couldn't help but let the smallest of grins twitch in the corner of her mouth. "It's not _that_ funny."

"Oh, Astridâ€¦" he could hardly breathe between the spasms of giggles, "Astrid, Astrid, Astridâ€¦ _epic_ failure!" The laughter erupted again.

She rolled her eyes. "You're _so_ mean."

"I-I'm sorry," he blubbered, "It's just I can't believeâ€¦ oh, wow!"

"What?" she snapped defensively, "I didn't know Gronkle eggs _explode_ when they hatch!"

"You know now that I think of it, it's actually in the Dragon Book." he said, when he could breathe again, "I read about the other day. All dragons have a hatching method that's unique to their class. I guess for Bolder Class dragons, it just happens to be explosion."

Astrid scoffed. "Well, _that_ useful bit of information would have come in handy today."

"Maybe you should brush up on your studies."

"_Excuse_ me?"

"I'm just giving you a hard time!"

"Well, _stop_. I already feel bad enough." The Viking girl grumbled. She could feel the inevitable blush rising in her cheeks, and it only made her more sickened with herself.

But Hiccup wasn't quite ready to let up; it seemed that he was still choking down the laughter. "Hey, look on the bright side," he snickered, "We haven't gotten the chance to build new houses in while."

Then she punched him.

The lanky boy yelped in mirthful pain as he grabbed his arm, but it only led him to more chuckling.

Humiliated, Astrid slumped in her chair. She wanted nothing more than to break a shield over her head and forget the whole thing. But there was no forgetting it now.

This holiday had gone completely haywire. Not a single thing had gone according to plan. And while Astrid had slaved over hair-brained ideas and crazy new traditions that did nothing but bring Snoggletog to further ruins, poor Hiccup, even as he worried himself to death over the disappearance of his beloved Night Fury, was selfless enough to put his own anxieties aside and save the precious holiday. Only Hiccup could have done something so great. _He _was a hero. _He_ could do anything.

And what could _she_ do? Throw a battle ax into a tree, whip up a revolting traditional drink, and burn down every house in Berk without ever lighting a torch.

She could take any kind of ridicule from her other fellow Vikings. Anything Snoutlout or Tuffnut had to say about the matter would eventually fade in her mind, quite quickly with an application of her iron fists. Thor, even Stoick the Vast wasn't that scary when he was yelling at her.

But the fact that _Hiccup_ knewâ€¦

It seemed that the Viking boy was finally starting to catch on. Ever so softly, the hand that had been resting on the back of her chair touched her shoulder.

"Heyâ€|"

The humiliating grin still colored his voice.

"Oh shut up." she sniffled.

"Aw, Astrid, you know I didn't mean it like that." he said tenderly, "Come on, I'm sorry I laughed at you. You did a good thing."

"_Good_ thing?" she hissed, "I practically ruined Snoggletog!"

"Oh, no you didn'tâ€"

"Yes I did!" her voice was heavy with shame, "If you hadn't come back with dragons, everything would still be messed up, and it would be all my fault. I blew it!" His hand was rubbing her arm now, but it was little consolation. "I was just trying to make this holiday special for everyone; I mean, it's our first Snoggletog since the war ended, andâ€| I didn't mean to mess it all up, I justâ€| ugh, I don't know!" Her burning face fell to her hands, defeated.

Hiccup realized, with a small twinge of guilt, that he'd probably taken things a little too far.

Astrid was a stubborn, strong-willed, complex specimen of Viking female that he knew he had yet to fully understand. She rarely showed her feelings to anyone, and even though the war had ended, she always seemed to be fighting her own battles up inside her head. The only person she every really crumbled around was Hiccup, and even he didn't often see her in this state of vulnerability. Yet here she was, shrinking her chair, her entire face ablaze with scarlet, breathing in and out as if she would break with one touch. In moments like these, he really didn't know what to do.

But the young Viking knew one thing: half an hour ago, she had been comforting him. Half an hour ago, he'd thought he'd lost everything; his dragon, his best friend, was never coming back. And when he stood alone in the middle of a crowded room, she'd been the one to take notice of him, take his hand, kiss him, hold him, make him feel like a hero even when he was at his lowest pointâ€| as she always did. Silently, he thanked the gods that he had the chance now to return that favor, in whatever small way he could.

Gently, Hiccup placed a hand underneath of her chin and tilted her face upward. Her eyes, crystal blue behind a curtain of golden bangs, were glistening. Thor almighty; would he ever get over how much he loved this girl? When he looked at her, there was no denying that Odin had made her just for him.

Because when he looked at her, he saw himself.

"Astrid Hofferson," he said softly, brushing the bangs from her eyes and tucking them behind her ear, "Congratulations: you just had your first Hiccup moment."

The truth in his words took effect. She smiled sheepishly, then dropped her eyes to the floor, her blush growing more intense as she considered the thought.

"I wasn't laughing at you, you know." he went on.

Confusion flashed across her face. "What do you mean?"

"Well, I just found it humorously ironic that you and I have more in come than we realize, that's all." he snickered, "I mean think about it: had I been there, all the explosions would have most likely been my fault." He grinned a perfect, crooked grin. It was the kind of grin that she loved the most.

She laughed shakily. "I guess you've got a point."

Against her will, a single hot tear squeezed out of the corner of her eye. Self-conscious, she reached up to wipe it away as quickly as possible. But his fingers caught it just as it slid down her cheek.

"There," he said, "Does that make you feel any better?"

"Not really," she mumbled, "But thank you."

"Well maybe this willâ€¦" he said, and before she could comprehend the words, he punched her playfully in the arm. "That's for messing up Snoggletog."

"Ow!" she cried and grabbed her arm, but then smiled at knowledge of what came next.

Nowadays, the words didn't need to be said between them to get the point across. As was their custom, he leaned in to kiss her.

The moment ended abruptly; Astrid's lips twisted into a disgusted grimace, and she pulled back. "Ew!" she giggled, pushing him away, "You stink!"

"What? Iâ€¦ohâ€¦" Hiccup had forgotten about the deluge he'd received from his prodigal dragon earlier in the evening. "What, you don't like the taste of dragon slobber?" He grinned mischievously.

Astrid shoved him playfully and laughed. There was no staying mad at Hiccup, especially not at this time of year. With a contented sigh, she let her head fall to his shoulder, and his arm, still draped over the back of her chair, moved to hug her close. Together they watched Toothless entertain the baby Nadders on the floor.

Hiccup laughed pleasantly. "Let's just say that that was my epic failure for tonight." he suggested, "Call it even."

Astrid nodded against his shoulder. "Sounds good to me."

This holiday had turned out perfect after all.

"Winter in Berk lasts most of the year; it hangs on with both hands, and doesn't let go. And the only real comforts against the cold are those you keep close to your heart." _

End
file.